

THE EMPERORS OF BRAZIL.

Haunts of the Late Dom Pedro—Solemn Court Ceremonials—Saw Christaro Palace.

Special Correspondence.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Oct. 10.—The citizens of Brazil, yet loyal at heart to the institutions to which they and their ancestors were born, yet take as much pride in showing off the late familiar haunts of royalty as before they began masquerading at republicanism. One may spend a profitable week in visiting the several homes of the late Dom Pedro, and following the paths he trod for more than half a century. First one should hunt up the oldest city palace (built in 1743) in Praça D. Pedro Segundo, which, up to the last day of the empire, served as a sort of overflow house for the holding of court receptions on unusual gala days, and was thrown open to the populace on every Corpus Christi day that the people might enjoy a peep at the crown plate and jewels. For more than 100 years the vicereigns of Rio had no official abiding place, until, in 1690, the Portuguese king purchased for that purpose a building in the Rua Direita, whose site is now occupied by the new exchange. It soon became too small for the increasing dignity of the colonial government, and then the palace in the Praça D. Pedro Segundo was built. There is nothing palatial or imposing about the latter, though it is said to have cost a mint of money—possibly because its ancient builders were better mathematicians than their employers in distant Portugal. It has had so many additions and annexations from time to time that its original character was long ago lost. In 1808, when King João VI. arrived with his family and court (having been compelled to take refuge in Brazil to escape capture by the French) the palace was altogether insufficient for the shelter of so many persons. So the Carmelite friars on the opposite side of the street gave up their convent to the use of the king, and it was connected with the abode of royalty by a covered bridge running across the thoroughfare which still remains. Another bridge of light ironwork spanning the Seventh of September street connects the old convent with the imperial chapel. Still there was not room enough to meet the extraordinary demands of this royal family and their numerous retinue, and building after building was appropriated and annexed, until the whole neighborhood became a continuous "palace." For many years Queen D. Maria I—who is spoken of as a Jezebel, in no wise behind her prototype in temper—made her home in the Carmelite convent. The suite of rooms on the third floor now occupied by the Instituto His-

torico is pointed out as having been her private apartments.

Many queer stories are told of these early abodes of Portuguese royalty. For example, it is said that Miguel, brother of Dom Pedro I and uncle of the last emperor, used to divert himself and his profligate associates by seizing a suckling pig from some woman's stall in the marketplace, throwing it aloft and catching it neatly upon the point of his sword, while all the mothers thereabouts hastily hid their babies under their petticoats, expecting them to be served in the same manner.

PRINCIPAL GIFT TO THE KING.

It was in the days of King João VI that a wealthy merchant of Rio named Elias Antonio Lopez presented to the sovereign his own residence, situated in the beautiful suburb of Sao Christavao, which in that day was considered the finest private home in South America. Whether or not the princely gift was a voluntary contribution, I am unable to say. Old King John had often visited the place in course of his country drives and had conceived a great fancy for it; and there have been other anointed heads whose fancies it was a voluntary contribution, I am unable to say. Old King John had often visited the place in course of his country drives and had conceived a great fancy for it; and there have been other anointed heads whose fancies it was a voluntary contribution, I am unable to say. Old King John had often visited the place in course of his country drives and had conceived a great fancy for it; and there have been other anointed heads whose fancies it was a voluntary contribution, I am unable to say.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PALACE.

The negro soldier who shows you about the place leads first into a long hall lined with paintings of Brazilian heroes, Napoleonic battle fields, saints,

madonnas and friars. Most of the floors are of native woods, satin and rose predominating, laid in mosaic. The smallest but perhaps most interesting apartment has its floor inlaid to represent an incident well known in Lusitanian history—a woman presenting her two sons to Alphonso. The table in this room is the same on which Dom Pedro I signed his abdication, April 7, 1821. History tells us that the arbitrary temper of the old monarch had caused endless controversies which culminated in a revolution as sudden and bloodless as that of the citizens assembled at sunrise in the Campo de Santa Anna to demand of the emperor that he restore the ministry which the people preferred. The request had previously been urged without avail, and on this day the throne tottered because the national guard and a considerable portion of the army had gone over to the side of the populace. An adjutant was dispatched to San Christavao for a final answer; and the hard-headed king, unwilling to give in, but knowing himself unable to cope with vox populi, abdicated on the spur of the moment in favor of his little son—the Dom Pedro who lately died in exile after more than half a century of prosperous reign—then not quite six years old. It is related that the adjutant returned to the campo at full gallop, waving aloft the decree of abdication which was everywhere received with demonstrations of joy. The infant sovereign was borne in triumph to the city and the ceremony of his acclamation as "Constitutional emperor and perpetual defender of Brazil" was performed amid wildest enthusiasm. Two days later, while his mortified father still remained on board a French ship in the harbor, the baby Dom held his first court reception in the old palace down town. A deum was chanted in the imperial chapel. The troops appeared in review, and an immense concourse of people, all wearing leaves of the "avere sacconi" as the badge of loyalty filled the streets. They detached the horses from the royal chariot and drew the little king with their own hands, and when carried back to the palace, somebody held him in arms at a window while the multitude of "faithful subjects" passed before him. At fifteen the boy was invested with all the prerogatives of his imperial throne. The day of his formal consecration, July 18, 1841, was marked by one of the most imposing celebrations that ever transpired in the history of Brazil, followed by illuminations and festivities for nine consecutive days and nights. At 18 he was married (by procuration) to Donna Theresa Christina Maria, daughter of Francis I, king of the two Sicilies, the bride being only two years old. The room next to that in which Dom Pedro pere rashly committed his own uncrowning is the imperial bed-chamber in which Pedro II. was born. Like the rest of the suite, it is fitted up with French furniture, its only Brazilian feature being a number of immense jaguar skins spread upon the floor, all the skins with legs, feet and claws extended and heads stuffed to perfectly represent life, ranged in a circle around the top-lorly canopied bedstead, as if guarding the occupants. This chamber where the last empress spent much of her time, is 30 feet above ground, with

folding French windows overlooking a charming vista of forest and mountains, groves and gardens.

The guard room comes next and in its center is a fluted column, surrounded by a wivern, around which swords and halberds are arranged. Marble statues stand all around—Egyptian divinities, Ponnoma, Diana, a Medicean Venus, and the same unfashionably formed female leaving her bath, which has evidently not been thorough, judging from the dust which lies thick upon her shoulders. Beyond this room is the chapel, with Our Lady of Sorrows upon its altar and by her side Saint Anthony holding the Blessed Babe.

The most conspicuous feature in this sanctuary is a huge painting of Saint Peter de Alcantara, the patron of Portugal. There is a museum in the building devoted to antiquities, which contains, among many other interesting things, a lot of ancient Peruvian pottery; money that circulated in the days of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle; coins of Rhodes, Rome, Thrace and Ithica, and a fine collection of antiquities from Pompeii which were presented to the empress a few years ago by her brother, Bomba of Naples.

Adjoining the museum is a laboratory set apart for experiments in natural philosophy and chemistry, fitted up with an air pump, electrical and other apparatus, in which the late emperor is said to have greatly delighted. Next comes a complete little theater, and upon its drop curtain is painted a scene whose quiet sarcasm was probably not intended by the artist. It is called "The Landing of the Portuguese," and represents a group of astonished Indians to whom a priest is offering a crucifix, while a company of flowing warriors, with uplifted spears and battle axes, stand ready to back up the priest in his philanthropic mission.

IMPOSING COURT CEREMONY.

The throne-room is large and lofty and gloomy as a tomb. It was never used except by candle light, for the Brazilians have always been extremely tenacious of all the solemn foibles of Portuguese court ceremonies. For example, on every third of May during the last Pedro's long reign, he opened in person the session of the assembly-general, and the procession from his throne room to that of the senatorial palace was a surprising pageant. There were the halberdiers (1000 guards with their battle axes; dragons and hussars in picturesque uniforms; mounted military bands, six enormous state carriages, each with six splendidly caparisoned horses and liveried postillions and coachmen, for the officers of the imperial household; the chariot of the empress—a strange affair said to have belonged to Sebastian, who lost his life warring with the Moors—drawn by eight iron-grays; the magnificent imperial carriage, with eight milk-white horses decked with Prince of Wales plumes, followed by long cavalcades of troops and an innumerable company of civilians. The empress, surrounded by her maids of honor, in their robes and trains of green and gold, was always attired in court costume, consisting of an underdress of white satin heavily embroidered with gold, rich lace falling over the corsage and forming the sleeves, which were looped at the shoulders with magnificent diamonds. The train was of green velvet with gold

embroidery like that on the skirt, and a broad wash of scarlet, purple and green, crossed the bust from the right shoulder to the waist, amid a dazzling mass of emeralds and diamonds. Her hair, curled in front, was topped by a wreath of diamonds and emeralds, set in the shape of flowers, rising above the forehead in the form of a coronet, from which a long white ostrich feather curled gracefully backward.

FANNIE B. WARD.

HISTORIC SHIP NAMES.

At least four historic ships of our navy have been launched from Boston, ways—the Constitution, the old Cumberland, the Hartford and the Merrimac. The old Cumberland, the ship of tragic glory, was launched more than sixty years ago. The Merrimac, which, converted into a Confederate

ironclad and named Virginia, was to destroy the Cumberland, was put into the water in 1855. The Hartford was launched in 1858. The Cumberland, Merrimac and Hartford were all navy yard built. The new Cumberland is to be used as a training ship, and therefore her service will be of preparation rather than war. But it is well that training ships should bear heroic names, since the associations that cluster about them are inspirations to young tars. The training squadron of sailing vessels when completed will be made up of the Chesapeake, Cumberland, Intrepid and the brig Boxer. Of these, the Chesapeake repeats the name of a ship singularly unfortunate, but whose final disaster was almost redeemed by the devotion of Lawrence; the original Intrepid perished in her duty, and Somers and her crew were great exemplars of supreme sacrifice. The Cumberland's heroic story will live forever. The Boxer alone carries in her name the association of victory.—Boston Transcript.

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